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WASHINGTON, D. C.
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The Contributors are Business Men, Business Women, Scientists, Plain People, Travelers, Poets, etc., etc. In other words, people familiar wherever they write, who tell their stories in a way that will interest our suburban friends.

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President Charles C. Lancaster, of the Citizens' Northwest Suburban Association sends us a copy of his annual report in pamphlet form. It is a very interesting document.

The Primacura Company is one of the very latest Washington enterprises. It is composed of Washington business men who are thoroughly responsible and determined to push the sale of their new discovery. They propose to start a factory in South Washington for the manufacture of their preparation.

England's provincial school boards are about to follow the example of the London School Board and start a number of classes in life saving.

In the commerce of the world German trade is growing at Great Britain's expense, and the United States takes from both.

Literature like nearly everything else nowadays, has come to be a commercial commodity, governed by the laws of demand and supply, and the author, to be successful, must "get down to business."

As the mothers' congress has given rise to a mighty demand for a fathers' congress, it is evident that the small boy will have to go into the congress business himself unless he is to lose his liberties altogether.

Next to good government there is nothing so important to the business welfare of any progressive nation as an ample supply of iron and stability in its price.

The name of Yee Ho Chuna or the Boxers, Mr. Wu says, is translated "Righteousness, Harmony and Fists." It is a sort of "muscular Confucianism" movement.

Uncle Sam has wonderful faith in womankind; he just takes the unsupported word of each for her age and does not ask for references or corroborative testimony.

Edward Everett Hale's opinion of The Hague Peace Conference may be gathered from his remark that those who expect that it will prevent wars may as well go to a coal yard to buy a yard of green satin.

Dr. S. Ogawa, general director of prisons in Japan, thinks American jails too gloomy. They are not exactly suited even to accidental ideas of comfort, but a number of our prominent citizens from time to time take quarters in them notwithstanding their grimness.

WAKING AT NIGHT.
 Or else this noise like whirling wings,
 That dies with the first streak of light,
 May be the sound of baby things,
 All growing, growing, in the night.
 Children, and kitty-cats and pups,
 Or even little buds and flowers,
 Daisies, perhaps, and buttercups,
 All growing in the midnight hours.
 And yet it seems of me a part,
 And nothing far away or queer—
 It's just the beating of my heart,
 That sounds so strange as I lie here!
 I do not know why this should be;
 When darkness hid the world from sight,
 I feel that all is gone but me—
 A little child and the black night.
 —Mabel Dearmer.

CUT OUT FOR AN OLD MAID.
 CLARENCE ARNOLD was coming home after an absence of eight years. My father had been Clarence's guardian, and he had lived with us all his life up to the time he took a notion to travel all over the civilized, and not a small portion of the uncivilized world.
 I had just been telling my kindred spirit, pretty Jessie Mason, how we expected Clarence on the morrow, and wound up by giving a description of him in the following manner:
 "He is awfully jolly, good-natured, ever so handsome, flirts desperately and a perfect tease."
 I watched to see the effect of my words upon Jessie. She opened wide her big, brown eyes and looked at me with a most comical expression of countenance.
 Now, in most things, Jessie and I were very much alike. Whenever there was any mischief afoot we were the leading spirits. We moved in a fun-loving circle. We were forever romping and carrying on in a manner very unbecoming our years—at least so said our long-faced, vinegar-visaged friends of the bilious temperament, of whom we always steered clear. But then, people will talk, you know, and perhaps it were better to talk about Jessie and me than to talk about others who couldn't stand that sort of thing as we could. But they talked about me more than Jessie, for I was nearly four years older than she, and of course my conduct was more of an outrage on their bilious dignity.
 Neither Jessie nor I ever thought of those four years between us. We loved each other dearly and were inseparable companions. She looked at me now with those wondrous brown eyes, exclaiming:
 "Good gracious, Maud, you're interested at last! I have often wondered what sort of a man you intended to marry, and my disappointment is great. Why, the man you are going into ecstasies over is the face simile of the young men in our set, who, you say, are very well to pass the time away with, but to marry, as the song says, you don't feel inclined," laughed Jessie.
 "Nonsense," I said, feeling a little annoyed that Jessie should put a wrong construction on my words. "I'm not interested in Clarence—that is, not in the way you mean. I like him, and I want you to set your cap for him. You must fall in love some time, you know."
 "And so must you," laughed Jessie; "so I'll wait until you set me an example," and the scarlet creeps from her cheeks to her temples as she looks out of the window.
 "Then, perhaps you'll have to wait forever. Mother says I'm cut out for an old maid," said I, lightly.
 "My dear Maud, you're no more the pattern of an old maid than the old man in the moon is. Tell your mother she's a false prophet."
 "I don't know that she is," said I, laughing. "I'm nearly 23, and mother thinks it is preposterous for me to have arrived at such an age without being married. She keeps telling me that my sister was married at 17 and I keep telling her that poor Marion has regretted it ever since. But then she says that marriage is a lottery and every one cannot be expected to be satisfied with their drawing, and I suppose mother ought to know. Dear me! we've lost sight of what we were talking about. Clarence is ever so much nicer than any one we know, Jessie."
 "Then, why don't you fall in love with him yourself, Maud?"
 "Fiddlesticks!" said I, impatiently. "I don't want him."
 "What keeps Charlie standing down there?" said Jessie, jumping up. "We'll talk about Clarence another time, Maud," and Jessie was on the balcony and down on the lawn like a flash.
 I stretched my neck and caught sight of Charlie Morse down by the gate.
 "That accounts for Jessie's blushes when she looked out of the window a while ago," I thought. "I wonder if she cares for him? I hope she does not."
 As I watched Charlie and Jessie on the lawn together, I thought Charlie Morse was just such another as Clarence Arnold. I fell into a thoughtful mood as I watched them. Jessie's words came back to me. Why couldn't I love Clarence Arnold myself? Why, indeed?
 I never was in love. Never could fall into it and out again like other girls. Goodness knows I was willing enough, but I couldn't for the life of me. They called me a flirt, but, as I said before, people will talk, you know—there's no shutting their mouths—but I wasn't really—that is, I never meant to flirt. I treated all the really nice young men I was acquainted with alike. Never accepted invitations for places of amusement, drives, etc., from any one in particular. Was always a great favorite with the young men of our "set," but then, they were extremely young—that is, a few of them were my own age and all the rest younger. I treated them all patronizingly. They hadn't any sense yet, and that accounted for me being such a favorite—at least I could not help thinking so—for all the older heads fought shy of me.
 Well, they say all girls think about matrimony more or less. I guess I must have thought less about it, for I never thought anything about it until now. And now that I did give it a thought, I examined the subject thoroughly and became convinced that my mother's words were true. I was cut out for an old maid. It was strange, too. There were men whom I worshipped from afar—but what was the use of talking—they were likely to remain afar.
 So I saw no help for it. In a few years more I would be laid upon the shelf, but my thoughts didn't stop on the shelf, they carried me down the vista of years, and I saw a woman with a face looking like vinegar! Why my ideas of the poor, persecuted sex, known as old maids, are associated with vinegar I cannot tell. But I did see that woman's face, and it did look like vinegar; and she had with her the two institutions of old maidhood—a cat and a parrot, and that woman was I.
 Suddenly my hands flew to my sides and tears rolled down my cheeks.
 "For goodness sake, Maud, what are you laughing at?" said Jessie, entering the room, followed by Charlie Morse.
 "Oh, Jessie," I cried, "if you could only see the picture that I saw just now you would laugh, too."
 Next morning I came down stairs rather late.
 "Here comes Maud now," I heard my mother say. "My dear," said my mother to me, as I entered the breakfast room, "do you know this gentleman?"
 A man between thirty and thirty-five years, very tall, with great, wide shoulders, his handsome face bronzed and bearded, rose to meet me.
 I looked at the gentleman and shook my head slowly in answer to my mother's question.
 "So you don't remember me, Maud?"
 The bronzed gentleman laughed as he spoke, showing his teeth and eyes to advantage—and why didn't I know him at once? It was Clarence Arnold.
 What a mistake I had made when speaking of him to Jessie! I lost sight of the fact that I wasn't quite fifteen when Clarence went away, and he was four or five-and-twenty, and I never thought about the intervening years. I expected to see Clarence as he left us, about four-and-twenty still.
 "Goodness me alive!" I exclaimed, on the impulse of the moment, "I thought you were ever so much younger."
 "Did you, indeed?" he said, smiling, but there was such a grave expression in the black eyes that were always dancing with merriment in those days gone by.
 I looked over at Jessie. She was looking straight at me, and as soon as our eyes met we both burst out laughing.
 Clarence's grave black eyes were still upon me. Of course he didn't know what we were laughing at, and it must have looked charming. But, then, that was what I always did. I laughed when I ought not to have said, and I came to the conclusion long ago that there was no help for me.
 People said I hadn't a spark of common sense. Now, I begged leave to differ with them—that is, in my own mind, for I wouldn't satisfy them to discuss the question openly. I thought I was very sensible, only somehow I never could show it like other girls. Now, I saw at once that Clarence was different from the young men with whom I was constantly surrounded. He had sowed his wild oats, and that was the sort of man I admired. But, then, it was no use for me to let my thoughts run in that direction, for Clarence must have formed his opinion of me at our first meeting, and forever after, I supposed, like all the rest of the sensible men, he would wish me well—at a distance.
 One evening shortly after Clarence's arrival we girls had our heads together plotting mischief. I, as usual, had the leading voice. Clarence and my brother Tom were present. We didn't mind them, as they were part of the family.
 "Maud, don't take part in such foolishness. You ought to have better sense."
 That was what Clarence said to me when he saw a part of our nonsense. His grave, black eyes were upon me, and he spoke very seriously, I thought.
 Well, perhaps I ought to have better sense, but what business was it of Clarence Arnold's? Why didn't he speak to Jessie, in whom he seemed to be so highly interested?
 Yes, Clarence was interested in Jessie and she was interested in him, but then I ought to have been satisfied, for didn't I advise Jessie to set her cap for him?
 I looked up at Clarence when he reproved me. He was so earnest that I felt like withdrawing from the mischief at once. But I didn't withdraw. I went straight on, dragging the others after me. I felt dreadful with those black eyes upon me. Why I persisted in the mischief I cannot tell, except it was as brother Tom said, out of a spirit of downright pure cussedness.
 One day, about a week after, we three—Clarence, Jessie and I—were standing on the porch. Jessie stood between Clarence and me. Somehow Jessie always came between Clarence and me. Now, I only just mentioned that, but I hope no one will think I was jealous of Jessie. Why should I be. Didn't I recommend Clarence to Jessie?
 To be sure I did, but somehow I very often forgot that of late.
 Charlie Morse came strolling up the path. My heart jumped with delight. Strange, what delight I took lately in Charlie Morse's coming. Clarence went down to meet him, leaving Jessie and me on the porch.
 "Good gracious!" I thought to myself, my delight vanishing instantly. "Charlie Morse might just as well have stayed at home if it is Clarence that is going down to him."
 "Isn't Clarence handsome?" said Jessie, speaking more to herself than to me, while the pink in her cheeks grew pinker.
 "Oh! I think he's awfully brown," said I. Of course I had to say something.
 "But that is from exposure," said Jessie, smiling. "One of these days, Maud, his face will be as delicate in tint as your own."
 "Maybe it will; but I don't know anything about it," I said.
 "Maud," and Jessie's blushes grew deeper, and her eyes wandered to where Clarence and Charlie were standing, "he asked me to marry him. I wanted to tell you first, you know."
 If a thunderbolt had descended on my head I could not have been more surprised. A cold tremor ran over me. Jessie must have noticed how strangely I behaved. I tried to compose myself by thinking indignantly of Clarence Arnold's indecent haste. Think of it, he was only two weeks in our house when he proposed to Jessie.
 "Well," I said as soon as I could get my breath, "he ought to have sent you his photograph and a proposal before he arrived himself, he was in such a hurry."
 "Whom are you talking about, Maud?"
 "Clarence Arnold, of course."
 "O? but Clarence Arnold doesn't happen to be the one that proposed to me. It was Charlie Morse, and I accepted him, Maud, for I knew you always liked Charlie," and Jessie laughed outright.
 Something near my left side gave another great bounce. Yes, it was true what Jessie said, I always liked Charlie, and I was so glad she accepted the dear fellow.
 A year has passed away since then. Charlie and Jessie were married long since, and they are on a visit to our house now. I sit in the window watching them out upon the lawn, just as I sat and watched them a year ago. Only that time my watchful eyes were accompanied by thoughts of an old maid.
 Well, you know mother said I was cut out for an old maid, but I never think of that now. Strange, I never bother my head about the old-maid business any more, and guess why I don't? Oh! but it's a conundrum. You'd never guess it if I didn't tell you.
 "Because I am Clarence Arnold's wife."
 Mayflowers on Cape Cod.
 At Cape Cod, and not far from where former President Cleveland has his famous summer home at Buzzard's Bay, the inhabitants have an odd occupation. When the first fragrant buds of the trailing arbutus, or Mayflower, appear on the hillsides of the big cape the woods are fairly alive with men, women and children, all in search of the delicate flowers. They are not out collecting because they are charmed with the early blossoms, nor do they wander through the woods plucking wild blossoms for their health. Their industry is strictly commercial, for the Mayflower is a favorite in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other large cities of the East, and every spring the woods are stripped of them and they are packed in moss and shipped to town, where they are sold at high prices.
 So regular is the demand for the dainty, waxlike blossoms that professional flower hunters make a business of searching out the secret blooming grounds of the arbutus, stake out their claims as they would take up mining claims every spring, and wait for the blossom harvest. Gathering Mayflowers has become one of the important industries of Cape Cod.—Providence Journal.

Honeymoon in a Prairie Wagon.
 How is this for a bridal trip? A young couple went to Flagstaff, Ariz., bought a couple of big wagons and teams of mules, hired a couple of teamsters and a good cook and started south for Phoenix. The principal wagon was roofed with canvas and wire gauze, with every comfort, and the trip is described as ideal. No flies or mosquitoes, good hunting, and the "light of love" combining with that from moon and stars. Upon arrival at Phoenix the wagons were sold at an advance, and the couple proceeded by rail to Los Angeles in search of new adventures. They may return via Japan and India.—Washington Star.

A BUSINESS POINTER.
 Several Washington merchants are afraid to invite the trade of suburban people for fear it might offend some of their city customers who don't consider it "the proper thing" to be seen in a store with country people. They want the cash of country people when the same can be secured without any outward sign of a desire to reach out for it. One of the largest hardware firms in the city recently refused to advertise in the columns of the CITIZEN and gave the following reason: "We're not out after suburban business for the reason that we consider the trade of the people of Virginia and Maryland not particularly desirable." Gustave Hartig, the hardware man of 509 and 611 H Street, N. E., is of a different opinion. He wants the trade of country people and he is getting it. When you deal with him you are dealing with a square business man and a friend.
 Dec. 10-41

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